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CHAS. H. FISHER, Vice-President
DORA C. ANDRESEN, Sec. and Treas.

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PREVENTION OF THE GREAT STRIKE

Big Business and such patriots as Pierpont Morgan attack the president because as they put it, "he surrendered to the railroad workers and in a panic passed the eight hour law." This like many other charges against President Wilson, is made for political effect and has not even the shadow of truth behind it. Anyone who has read the story of the threatened strike and the subsequent action of congress and the administration knows that there was no dispute between labor and congress. Labor asked nothing of the administration nor did the railroads. It was a dispute between the two, an industrial fight, the old one between capital and labor.

Neither the railroads nor the men asked congress to take a hand or extend any favors. The administration went into the controversy of its own accord, and for the reason that the country was more interested in it than either of the parties. If the strike came it meant indescribable calamity. It meant the paralyzing of the business of one hundred million people and the loss of perhaps more than a billion dollars. The administration went into the matter for the protection of the people and its efforts were successful. Mr. Hughes, Mr. Morgan and others, the representatives of the classes, criticize President Wilson for his course. What would they have had him do? Keep hands off and let an industrial quarrel ruin thousands of innocent people, including the farmers, prunegrowers and lumbermen of the Northwest. Is that what Mr. Hughes would have done? If so, it was fortunate for the country that Wilson and not Hughes was the president at the time. If the strike had not been prevented the situation here in Oregon caused by the car shortage of the Southern Pacific, would have been nothing to it. There would have been the same conditions over the whole country as if there had been no cars whatever anywhere. Every factory would have closed down, every mill been idle, every industry killed. There would have been millions idle and many of these without means of living. There would have been chaos, perhaps anarchy had the condition remained long enough for hunger to drive the unemployed to desperation. Here in Oregon not a car would have moved and not an industry continued in operation. Yet because the president took any and all means at hand to prevent this condition, he is criticised and condemned, by railroad magnates, big business and Candidate Hughes. Mr. Hughes is criticising the president's course and saying he should have investigated first, that he should have refused to act until he had studied the question and was certain he was right. This has a tinkling sound, pleasing perhaps to unthinking folks, but it is sounding brass and tinkling cymbals only. Mr. Hughes is discussing a theory. He said nothing, made no suggestion, elucidated no plan for a settlement of the controversy, although speaking daily from the public platform until the Wilson plan had been adopted—then he began to find fault and complain over the way it had been done.

On the other hand President Wilson was facing a condition and a serious one at that. He did the best he could and the people appreciate the wisdom of his course.

The Oregonian is uneasy over the good work of the Rainy Day Club which advocated short skirts for rainy weather, that should come to not less than four inches from the ground. It calls attention to the fact (supposing of course that it is a fact) that the club has not only won out but has several inches to spare. Our contemporary is alarmed lest the club forget to quit before—well before. Don't be alarmed brother, a woman can always be depended on to never rest until she has run things to extremes and the bottom of her skirts are just now a long ways from either.

An effort is being made to line up all the college graduates on the side of Hughes, and to get them to write the ignorant farmers and laboring people and enlighten them as to how they should vote. If college men know anything they will know enough to keep clear of that mess, or their standing in the community will have a still further downward trend.

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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

The Pendleton Round Up is over for the year, and this time an Indian, Jackson Sundown, is the winner of the title of champion broncho rider. He earned the title too for not a dissenting voice was heard when the great crowd not waiting for the judges yelled as one man for Jackson Sundown. Sundown is a full blood Bannock Indian, 50 years old and stuck his mounts like a burr. His main rivals were handicapped by drawing mounts that did not buck up to their usual standard. It is a striking example of the American idea of fair play, and an evidence of true sportsmanship, that race prejudice was entirely absent. Sundown won the decision and it was given to him by the great audience of 30,000 in a way that must have made him the proudest Indian that ever appeared before a White audience. Another feature of the affair that will prove doubly pleasing to him is the magnificent \$350 saddle which was the prize.

Due to railroad connection Coos Bay is coming to the front in Oregon affairs. A telegram Saturday announced that a full trainload of cattle will arrive in Eugene today over the Willamette-Pacific. The train will consist of between 15 and 20 cars and was loaded at Myrtle Point yesterday, by the Dement family. The lush grasses on the tidelands along the streams running into the ocean near Marshfield, make the Coos country an ideal dairy section and also a great stock country. It can be depended on in the future to furnish quite a percentage of the beef cattle used in the Northwest. When the Coos country hits its gait with coal, lumber, livestock, myrtle wood and a wealth of mines not yet even dreamed of, it will with its shipping added to its other resources become the second city in Oregon.

If the course of true love never runs smooth Archibald Alexander can console himself with the belief that he has that kind. Six months ago he eloped with a lady now his wife. He declares that although married but six months he has poured out his affections at the rate of \$100,000 a month, and to date about \$600,000. Did she appreciate this? Not according to Archibald who says she scratched his face and hit him with a high heeled shoe. He humbly submits in his complaint asking for a divorce that this is an inadequate return for the money. He is right. For that amount of money spent so foolishly she was entitled to hit him with a double barreled base ball bat.

The war has not only made the cost of living higher and many articles scarcer, but it has finally given it to the wearers of celluloid collars, right where they wear them. The celluloid collar supply is exhausted and no more will be made on account of the war. It is made partly from fusel oil which is used in making explosives and cannot be spared for neckwear. There is also a big demand for it for making windows in auto tops, and of course the auto is more important than men's neckwear. Fusel oil is a by product of alcohol manufacture, and Russia stopping the making of vodka, cut off the supply.

The republican national committee announces that Colonel Roosevelt will take the stump for Mr. Hughes sometime in October, but the date has not been fixed or the place agreed upon. The committee is evidently trying to agree on the place where he will do the least harm. It is certain of only one thing however and that is that the place will not be St. Louis or any other point where there is an appreciable German vote. The Colonel never said a truer thing than that credited to him just after he had met the elephant at Chicago and was stepped on, that is: "I am out of politics." He might add that "I will never come back."

Now it is in order for some of those politicians who are criticising the president for the way in which he settled the impending railway strike, to get busy and outline a plan which will prevent the great walk-out in New York City next Wednesday. If they can do a better job than the president, now is the proper and accepted time to prove it.



WOODROW'S VIEWS

To Woodrow's office I went faring; he talked a while or vital things. "The hang-downs Charley Hughes is wearing, must shock the thoughtful soul, by jings. Shall we have whiskers in high places? This is the question paramount; the voters call for shaven faces—all other themes are no account. There's no excuse for wearing clover like Fairbanks, Hughes, and other gents; the days of spinach long are over—a shave now costs but fifteen cents. My foes would fain obscure the issues by talking things that cut no ice, and think that wild and wooly tissues of sophistries should well suffice. They are accomplished verbal friskers, and dodge around from theme to theme, but, friend, the crucial theme is whiskers—make note of that; it is no dream. Shall whiskers desecrate this dwelling, that mighty statesmen used to know? If once it starts, there is no telling how far the whiskers fad will go. My, friend, the issue's plain before us, and never to the rear it drops; let us, our bright flag waving o'er us, stand up for razors, mugs and strops."



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BOX SHOOK BULLETIN OUT

Suggests to Oregon Millmen Where Markets Are and Are Not.

University of Oregon, Eugene, Ore., Sept. 22.—A fifty-six page bulletin that is intended to give the results of a survey of the box shook market in foreign countries has recently been published by the school of commerce of the University of Oregon. The bulletin is primarily for the millmen of the northwest.

The countries covered by the survey were: Mexico, West Indies, republics of South America, Great Britain and Ireland, China and Japan, Australia, Canary Islands, Dependencies of the United States, India, Spain, Sicily and Italy, Western Greece, Palestine, British Guiana, France, South Africa and Burma. The market for shooks, cloth boards and staves, was covered.

The purpose of the bulletin is to cover for manufacturers a great amount of expensive pioneer work.

The bulletin, wherever possible, gives import figures and values, packing materials, names of principal importers, uses to which the product is put, present source of supply and other essential information that a firm desiring to enter a new market commonly is compelled to send a man to get.

"A careful study of this bulletin will show that under normal conditions, Oregon box manufacturers have a splendid field for expanding their trade into foreign countries, said H. B. Miller, director of the school of commerce.

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CLIFFORD TAKES A HOLIDAY

CHAPTER XXX.
My food choked me. So I didn't attempt to eat, drank my coffee and, after attending to Edith's bath, I went back into my room and threw myself on the bed. Would I ever get accustomed to my loveless existence? I lay there for a while and tried to think out, but the loss of my sleep after being up so late the night before made me drowsy and I fell asleep and did not waken until Kate came for her orders for luncheon.
"Mr. Hammond will be here, Kate. Have lunch promptly, and we'll have some fried chicken." It was a favorite dish with Clifford.
After Kate left the room I bathed my face, arranged my hair and put on a dainty house dress he had never seen. My rest had calmed me, and I made up my mind that he should take no disagreeable memories away with him.
Bustling for the departure.
Kate brought his bags down from the attic, and I busied myself by laying out on the bed the things I thought he would need—a pile of underwear and socks, his handkerchiefs and pajamas. I did not know how long he was to be gone, but supposed about a week, so laid out his clothes accordingly.
"Hello, lunch ready?" he called as he came in the front door.
"Yes, Mr. Hammond," Kate answered from the dining room. "It's all ready to serve."
"Call Mrs. Hammond, then; I haven't a minute to lose," and I heard him draw his chair out and sit down.
"I'm coming, Clifford—I heard."
"You'll have to excuse me, but, Kate, give me my luncheon quickly. Fried chicken! That's fine. I'm as hungry as a wolf. Too bad I haven't more time."
"You go ahead, Clifford," I told him as I poured his tea. "Pass everything to Mr. Hammond first, Kate."
I could eat nothing, but he was too busy to notice. He had scarcely looked at me, and I felt my lip tremble as I thought of how I had dressed for him. And, although my dress was new and most becoming, I might as well have worn any old thing.
When he rose from the table I did also, and followed him upstairs. "I've laid out your things for you, Clifford," I ventured, in hopes he would speak kindly to me.
"That little dab of stuff! You must be crazy to think I could get along with no more clothes than that," he grumbled as he opened this chiffonier drawers and threw shirts and underwear on the bed.
An Unexpected Revelation.
"I thought that was enough to last a week," I replied.
"A week! Who said I was going to be gone a week? I shall be away a month probably." He was leaning over his bag; so did not see the amazement I could not hide.
"A month!"
"Yes. Have you any objections? I am going to take my vacation now instead of later."
"But I shall be so lonely!" I was stunned, Clifford. He was going to go away with that gay crowd and leave me alone for a whole month.
"Pack up and go home and make a visit."
"Very well, I will." I answered on the spur of the moment.
"I put some money in the bank to your credit this morning. You will have plenty for your expenses."
"Thank you," I said, then, "Do you want to see Edith before you go?" He had finished packing and was looking at his watch.
"Yes, if you hurry; I have but five minutes!"
I ran to the nursery and brought Edith to him. He pinched her cheek, kissed her, then carelessly kissed me. After he had reached the front door he turned and said:
"Don't worry if I fail to write. I'll try to keep you posted as to where I am, however."
(Monday — Mrs. Franklin Sends An Invitation.)